UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

The Big If

By CHARLES F. DOLE

The Anti-Lynching Crusaders

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

The Betrayal of France

By E. D. MOREL

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JOHN HAYNES HOLMES : *Editors* : FRANCIS NEILSON

UNITY Fellowship

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. XC THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1922 NUMBER 8

TO PRAY.

To pray—not ask an alms of fate,
Nor beg, nor placate, but to learn
My mastery, to gain myself,
For this is prayer.

To pray—not toward the earth or sky,
But to lift up unyielding hands
To that strong life unmeasured yet,
The God in me.

To pray—not for the gain of it,
But for the joy of it. To laugh,
To weep with God, in sharing joys
And griefs of men.

To pray—to hope, to strive, and fail;
And then when all is lost but prayer,
O heart of mine, to pray again,
And so be strong!

—Hugh Robert Orr.

"Harp of My Heart and Other Poems."
The College Press, Publishers, Topeka, Kansas.

The statement that all the Allied powers have long since freed their political offenders, has been reiterated so often, and with so little effect, that it seems foolish to speak of it again. May we not hope, however, that the apparently impervious American mind may possibly be impressed by the fact that the so-called enemy powers are now emulating the Allies in the practice of mercy, and emptying their prisons? Turkey, for example, which had to be overthrown in the Great War as one of the barbarian powers which was menacing democracy, civilization, humanity, and all the rest—Turkey the Unspeakable—is now freeing her politicals, as witness the following despatch printed in the New York *Evening Post* (October 25):

AMNESTY TO POLITICAL OFFENDERS.

(Special Cable Dispatch.)

Sofia, Bulgaria, October 25.—The announcement of Izzet Pasha, representing the Angora Government, that the Grand National Assembly of Angora has authorized amnesty to all political offenders and decided to give political and cultural rights to minorities for their churches, schools and national institutions is hailed with great joy in Bulgaria.

Compare with this announcement of a Moslem Pasha the most recent statement of a Christian President. Says Warren Gamaliel Harding on this issue:

I have never changed my position in opposing general amnesty. Each of these cases must be considered on its merits.

Comparisons, we have been told, are odious. So they are, to one member of the combination always—in this case to the United States. Our country appears odious in comparison with Turkey in her treatment of political prisoners. That this situation can much longer continue, we refuse to believe. President Harding and his man, Daugherty, would seem to be hopeless; but is it conceivable that an American and Christian should forever be unable to match a Turk and Mohammedan in deeds of mercy? And, in the last analysis, may we not look forward to the day when the American Congress will rise to the level of the Turkish Grand National Assembly of Angora, and authorize "amnesty to all political offenders"? May Allah speed this day!

They do these things better in England! They certainly do, so far as political elections are concerned. Here Lloyd-George loses the confidence of the country, and almost instantly is forced to resign. Within a few days, Parliament is dissolved, and an election called for the 15th of November, which means a campaign of less than three weeks. Then immediately after election, the new Parliament will assemble, and proceed forthwith to function on the basis of the fresh will of the people as just expressed at the ballot-box. Compare this with our way of doing things here in America! A president is elected for a hard-and-fast period of four years. Within a few months, he may utterly forfeit the support of the people, but nothing can interrupt his hold of power until the constitutional period of his term of office has come to an end. The only chance that the people have to express themselves, or to curb the authority of the executive, is through the election of a new House of Representatives mid-way in the administration of the president. But what does this amount to? The House elected in November does not assemble until a year from the following December, so that no less than thirteen months must intervene before the popular will can take effect. There were excellent historical reasons for the establishment of this system in 1787; but no reasons, historical or otherwise, for its continuance. One would think that a people which had written into its Constitution amendments providing for popular election of senators, woman suffrage, and prohibition of alcoholic beverages, would not find it difficult to alter this amazing system of misrepresentation; but time passes, few complaints are heard, and nothing is done. It is to be hoped that the present peculiarly impressive object-lesson in England may avail something. Shall we always be content merely to envy our British cousins their ability to get rid of one government and put another in its place almost

upon the instant? If so, we must recognize, in justice, that our brand of democracy is far inferior to that displayed across the seas, and confess that, after all, the American people don't care very much whether they govern themselves efficiently or not. This last, we guess, is the milk in the cocoanut. The ills in this country are to be attributed to nothing but the ignorance, stupidity and sheer indifference of the Babbitts who inhabit it.

The *coup d'etat* of the Fascisti in Italy brings to mind the experience suffered last August at the hands of these brigands by the summer school of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, at which Mr. Holmes was one of the lecturers. This school was scheduled to meet at Varese, an Italian town some miles north of Milan, and elaborate preparations had been made for its reception. A few weeks before the day appointed for the opening of the sessions, word was received from the local gang of Fascisti that they would not allow the school to meet. Patient negotiations on the part of officers of the League, conducted on strictly pacifist principles, resulted in the extraordinary triumph of a meeting with representatives of Fascisti and Socialists (who had sprung instantly to the support of the League), which ended in an agreement which was satisfactory to all. This is the first and only time, so far as known, that Fascisti and Socialists have met in a single place and parted without bloodshed. Everything was spoiled, however, by the outbreak of the five days' general strike in Milan, which was accompanied by open war between the Fascisti and the Socialists of that city. Instantly the situation at Varese became impossible. The Fascisti peremptorily ordered that the summer school of "pacifists" and "Bolshevists" should be forbidden; and the Mayor of the town announced that if the students and lecturers assembled, he could not be responsible for their safety or even their lives. Under these circumstances there was nothing to do but give way, and the Women's League retreated in good order to Lugano, Switzerland, where the school was held with great success. The Fascisti, as this and the present much more important events show, are a band of lawless ruffians, highly organized, superbly armed, well paid, who propose to run Italy to suit themselves. What they are now pulling off, of course, is a first-class black revolution. We have no doubt that this will be much more popular with Americans and the world generally, than revolutions of the red variety. But why?

Speaking of the Fascisti, we are reminded of the American Legion, and of the recent encampment at New Orleans, and of what H. L. Mencken says about this crowd of hoodlums in his third series of "Prejudices," which has just been published. Mr. Mencken's words are worth quoting and considering at just this particular time, for if, by any chance, the American Legion chooses to join hands with the Ku Klux Klan, we shall suddenly find ourselves with a full-grown Fascisti organization here in this country. Says Mr. Mencken, in the essay entitled "On Being An American":

> It is impossible to fit any reasonable concept of the soldierly into the familiar proceedings of the American Legion. Its members conduct themselves like a gang of Methodist vice crusaders on the loose, or a Southern lynching party. They are forever discovering preposterous burglars under the national bed, and they advance to the attack, not gallantly and at fair odds, but cravenly and in overwhelming force. Some of their enterprises, to be set forth at length in the record I have mentioned, have been of almost unbelievable baseness—the mobbing of harmless Socialists, the prohibition of concerts by musicians of enemy nationality, the mutilation of cows designed for shipment abroad to feed starving children, the roughing of women, service as strikebreakers, the persecution of helpless foreigners, regardless of nationality.
>
> During the last few months of the war, when stories of the tyrannical ill-usage of conscripts began to filter back to the United States, it was predicted that they would demand the punishment of the guilty when they got home, and that if it was not promptly forthcoming they would take it into their own hands. It was predicted, too, that they would array themselves against the excesses of Palmer, Burleson and company and insist upon a restoration of that democratic freedom for which they had theoretically fought. But they actually did none of these things.
>
> So far as I know not a single martinet of a lieutenant or captain has been manhandled by his late victims; the most they have done has been to appeal to Congress for revenge and damages. Nor have they thrown their influence against the medieval despotism which grew up at home during the war; on the contrary, they have supported it actively, and if it has lessened since 1919 the change has been wrought without their aid and in spite of their opposition.
>
> In sum, they show all the stigmata of inferior men whose national inferiority has been made worse by oppression. Their chief organization is dominated by shrewd ex-officers who operate it to their own ends—politicians in search of jobs, Chamber of Commerce witch hunters and other such vermin. It seems to be wholly devoid of patriotism, courage, or sense. Nothing quite resembling it existed in the country before the war, not even in the South. There is nothing like it anywhere else on earth. It is a typical product of two years of heroic effort to arouse and capitalize the worst instincts of the mob, and it symbolizes very dramatically the ill-effects of that effort upon the general American character.

Advice to young men and women today to be true to themselves, to assert boldly their ideals in the face of an older generation proved to be intellectually and spiritually bankrupt, is one of the commonplaces of our time. James M. Barrie, in his now famous rectorial address to the students of St. Andrew's last May, is only one of many to bid youth have the courage of its convictions. You know—so the argument runs—that your predecessors have wrecked the world committed to their care; now it is your turn to take control, and by your valor and unspolied wisdom, to save the world before it is too late! This is excellent counsel—but what sign is there that the young are worthy of it? To have the courage of convictions is as splendid as it is morally imperative. But, as the first rule for making pork pie is "catch your pig," so the first condition of this duty of courage, is to have some convictions to be courageous about. And it is just this which seems to be so woefully lacking in

most of our young men and women today. They have their whims, extravagances, follies. They ignore or defy certain harmless conventions of dress and social behavior. They make a great show of independence in fields of action where independence breaks down character far more often than it builds it. But convictions, ideas, ideals, and the courage to serve them utterly, these they do not know! For these mean exile from the world of mere play and pleasure-seeking, and prolonged habitation in realms of serious thought and steadfast purpose. They involve search for the facts of life; the extraction of ideas from out these facts as so much raw material; then the transfusion of these ideas into ideals which lift the soul to love, and bind it to self-forgetting action. It is this process which we call Dedication to Truth, and the result *convictions*. It is because the older generation had no convictions, but only lust for money and power, that its members let civilization slip out of their control to ruin. Our young men and women can do no better, if they *be* no better. All the courage in the world will not save them if they know not their minds by the mastery of knowledge and the discipline of the spirit. "Those who are to begin the regeneration of the world," says Bertrand Russell, "must face loneliness, opposition, poverty and obloquy. They must be able to live by truth and love, with a rational unconquerable hope; they must be honest and wise, fearless, and guided by a consistent purpose." All this means training; and training must come before the game begins.

The Archbishop of York, one of the ablest and most fearless of the leaders of Anglicanism, has been saying some startling things about the church. He sees, as all intelligent and observant men now see, that our Western civilization is on the verge of collapse, and wonders if it is not too late for this immanent collapse to be averted. Can the church do anything to save the situation, is his natural question; and he replies with startling frankness that it cannot, at least as it is at present organized and minded. Men must have true religion today as never before if they are to redeem the world, he says. Men know this and want religion, he continues, but "they do not find it in the church."

To put the matter plainly, religion attracts, but the church repels. The church, to men and women, especially the younger ones, is not a witness to the truth of its gospel, but in its dullness, its divisions, its unreliability, is a *stumbling block and an offense*.

No truer statement was ever made by a man who is in a position to know the facts. The churches at this moment are an obstacle in the path of progress. They are weighing men down rather than bearing them up. They are as dead as were the churches or temples of ancient Rome in the days of the decadence of the Empire. Such genuine religion as there is in the Christian world today is outside the churches, and, be it said, should be kept outside. We know of nothing more dangerous than the attempt to divert into the dried-up channels of organized Christianity the fresh tides of spiritual life which are now beginning to flow in some of the youthful hearts of our day. It would be as fatal and as wrong to have this religion seized upon by the churches, as to have had primitive Christianity annexed to the Roman Temple worship. If our churches have any significance today, it is simply as monuments or relics of a movement that was once vital in the lives of men. This it is the part of wisdom to recognize, and act accordingly.

It is amusing us to see the way in which the "highbrow" literary critics are treating Sinclair Lewis's new book, "Babbitt." They are either sniffing at it contemptuously, or else passing it by altogether. This book, you know, is not "literature"; it hasn't those esoteric qualities which characterize the work of such writers as Walter Pater, Henry James, Joseph Conrad, D. H. Lawrence, Sherwood Anderson! It is just a commonplace "best-seller," and therefore not to be regarded with any seriousness! Such opinion amuses us, and disgusts us a little too—like everything that is a pose! Literature?—what is literature? Is it style, elegant choice of words and weaving of sentences? Perhaps!—these are at least elements of some importance. But in no sense are they basic. What constitutes literature is *life;* and if ever there was a slice of life, and therefore a piece of literature, it is this remarkable book, "Babbitt." Here is the America that is all about us at the present moment—the America of the business man, of 100 percent patriotism, of the movie and the automobile, of the Elks and the Rotarians and the Republican Party, of the *American Magazine,* the First Baptist Church, the annual Real Estate Convention, "hooch," the comic sheet, the Pullman smoker, and the golf links. Here is the way this America talks, the way it thinks, the way it feels. Like "Main Street," this new book, "Babbitt," is a transcript of contemporary life of such vividness, such essential, unescapeable verisimilitude, that it must be classified as a *tour de force* of the very first magnitude. Lewis is not yet a great artist; he lacks the poetry, the sympathy, the imagination that are invariably to be found in all great art—those higher spiritual qualities which make Bernard Shaw, for example, to be something more than the master satirist of his time. But "Babbitt" contains, as "Main Street" did not, the rudiments at least of these transcendent elements. When Lewis does for New York, the metropolis, what he has already done for Zenith and Gopher Prairie, we shall be surprised if we do not find him close to the heights of literature.

The Big If

How many persons read the New Testament carefully enough to notice Paul's ifs? We used to be told that St. Paul had infallible certainty, at least about God and Immortality. On the contrary, he writes as modern men do with possibly greater frankness, "If by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead." And again, "If God be for us, who can be against us." This stirs us to think how much we mean by the cardinal articles of our religious faith. Some of us are taken to task for ever allowing ourselves to say: "We hope" about the eternal life. We ought, they say, always to affirm, "We believe." Paul does not. Why should he? Nor should any one? If our title deeds "to mansions in the sky" were as clear as this, why should we maintain Chairs in Theology all over Christendom, with interminable lecturings to demonstrate the existence of God! We wonder whether Paul's faith, with his ifs frankly conceded—a faith, however, which he lived up to strenuously—was not more vital and therefore more useful, then all the creeds of the centuries that begin with this audacious "We believe," and are read over and over parrot-like by multitudes of people who do not honestly mean to tune up their lives at all to their tremendous faiths?

The truth is, that we mortals do not go very far, before the ifs stand up in our way like interrogation marks, or anyway, warnings to be modest. How little we are, and into what vast spaces our mightiest instruments peep out! What is space? And, what is solid reality in the mazes of this gigantic cinema-show, where everything, including ourselves, is in continuous motion, and every little planet keeps different time from ours? Is there anywhere a standard and eternal time? Is there a standard of any kind? Who will guarantee our moralities? Who will tell us, without any if, what justice is, and how may we know that it stands fast in the complicated processes of history? Has any reasonable man lived through the last decade, and never said if over his bravest faith, over his dearest thought of religion, and over the voice of his conscience, too?

All this is to give clean ground for the other and great If. For unless we see the minor ifs we can have no idea how majestic and beautiful the big If is. "If God be for us, who can be against us?" Let us grant that we men, with our fallible minds and our tiny experiences, stand betwixt two tides of thought, regarding the worth and interpretation of life. These tides eddy around us most distractingly. But the small if and the great If are as diametrically opposite, as if they drew in from different worlds. They challenge us, as in the story of Elijah and the prophets of Baal: "Choose ye which ye will serve." We cannot take both. We cannot have the Almighty on holidays, and Baal for the rest of the week. The truth of things is either with the little "if" (if no God is!), or else with the grand If. "If God be for us"! In fact, there is no truth in things, unless God is.

Suppose that when Adam and Eve were thrown out of Eden, they could not find any food in place of the good things that dropped into their laps in the Garden, except wheat, and that they had to learn to use it and were at first afraid of it. It might poison them, or, on the other hand, it might prove the best food in the world for men to conquer the earth with. Here would be the little if, over against the big one,—a veritable alternative of "either one, or else the other." So, as regards the question: Is there any significance in the universe? We have only two choices, God or else nothing intelligible.

God is a very bare word. No thoughtful person is content with it. We use it to cover a whole group of ideas. God means the reality in and behind things, and whatever is most real and precious in us; if reality is that which never dies, God stands for the order and harmony that constitutes a universe. God means truth, beauty, goodness, purpose, love. If God means love, God means also that which brings love to birth in us, that which loves, and is lovable, admirable, worshipful. God is the fulness of life. What a wonderful array of magnificent ideas—the substance of art, poetry and religion! We mean also that we men possess a reality of our own, corresponding to the reality of the universe, all integrity in man answering to the integrity of God. We use the word "spiritual" to describe this aspect of human life; this side is where our humanity resides. It goes with our thought of God; it expresses our trust that life is worth while, and that all will be well with us. Therefore we say: "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

Does not everyone see that it would be splendid to believe all this of the world? We say, it is splendid merely to be able to say the great If. What if? Shall we go so far as to take William James' advice for certain cases of practical conduct, viz.: to *"will* to believe"? No! We will never dictate to our intelligence, or ask it to say a word more than it sees reason to say. But we can do what perhaps Prof. James meant. We may will to choose the great If, and try it out and see what happens. We can put our will into either one of the two choices, as the man does who has a new species of fruit before him.

What kind of human society would it be in which men frankly tried to live, as if no God were? It would be like the situation of the nations in the great war; but it would be worse. No man can quite set aside his humanity, his loyalty, his ideals—all the best in him, and continue to live a full man's life. Even in war he must have friends to trust. In other

words, no man can continue to live with all his might, as if no God, that is, no reality, not even his own reality, existed. He is not "all there," "heart and soul and mind and strength," in such a choice. To choose this line of life, is deliberately to disclaim his ideas, as at best dreams only, and to drift pretty much as circumstances carry him. He need not say: "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die," but he must soon say: "What is the use?" about dozens of enterprises which the lovers of men ask him to aid. Neither will men ever love and advise him, or deem his conduct beautiful. Could he ever be a civilizing influence?

Why not then take the other great If, and vow to find out what it will do to us. You can hardly think of it, or begin to imagine it, without a thrill of joy. If God is! The body itself feels a stir of new life. You seem to give access and expression to high vital forces. You enter the flow of the circulation of every active and useful social group; you see larger possibilities in every human life, in the future development also of despised and backward races. Who can measure what there is in a man, if the beneficent spirit of the universe fairly possesses him? Good will does raise the powers of a man. What then will it not do for a race? If God is, then mankind is immensely improvable.

Mr. Charles W. Eliot in the first issue of the new American Quarterly, "Foreign Affairs," goes a long way afield to show what America can do by preparing to fight in behalf of the League of Nations! If no God is, we wonder whether the people of the United States had better worry themselves to meddle with the enormous tangle of international embroilments. But if God is, if humanity is the most real part of us, if the proper functioning of men's brains depends upon the quality and heartiness of their friendliness, in short, if our highest good will is to share the Good Will of the Universal Life, then it looks as if we might at once see infinitely more promising methods of international co-operation than to keep up the ancient barbarism of wholesale violence with which to impose order upon races of men whom we have not learned to love or respect. If God is, a new will and new nature are in us, not to compel other men, but to make them know our good will towards them. Better send a dozen of our friendliest men and women to Constantinople than to send the whole American navy —if God is! In fact, to begin to think that God is means to dispense with the stupid methods and implements of barbarism.

One suggestion further. If God is, what if the churches should try this for a year! We mean, try it to begin with as only an If, but try it whole heartedly, as only a few of them have ever done before. Cannot we see how far above the level of all the half-civilized temptations our church people would immediately be lifted? Who would wish, if we live in God's world, to take advantage of another man, or to seek to obtain anything that does not belong to us? Who would not be glad to be living in a world so full of opportunities to better every child's conditions? Who would not be ashamed of the wasted days of war? Who would not record a vow that we will never again range ourselves against our brother men in battle! If God is, we shall do everything in our social and industrial life in the spirit of co-operation.

Finally, the greater If is doubtless for many of us the only gate to a settled faith in the reality of the universe. We have to begin with questions and doubts concerning pretty much everything, about ourselves and our tools and materials. We get on by accumulating all manner of sustaining experiences and building up an ever ascending scale of values. Again and again we come to vistas of vision, where the smaller ifs about the margin of human life seem to fall away like so much fog cloud, and at least for the time we cannot say anything less of our great net impression of the revelations of the universe than the words: "My Lord and my God!"

CHARLES F. DOLE.

The Anti-Lynching Crusaders

The failure of the Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill in the last Congress has stirred the Negroes of this country to indignant action. Foremost among the steps being taken to put the righteous public opinion of America unqualifiedly behind this Dyer measure is the organization of the "Anti-Lynching Crusaders," a band of women consecrating alike their money and their lives to the task of ending this monstrous offense against the laws, morals and ideals of the nation, to say nothing of the basic principles of humanity and religion. The slogan of these Crusaders is, "A Million Women United to Stop Lynching." They are now actively engaged in enrolling a million women, white and colored both, in one great body of protest against continued legislative inaction; and in raising one dollar each from these women, a million dollars in all, to finance the campaign for the enactment of the law and for its enforcement after enactment. They plan to present the million names to Congress not later than January 1, 1923; and the million dollars to the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, as a permanent fund for the support of the anti-lynching fight.

Since 1889, through the year 1921, a total of 3,436 persons have been lynched in the United States. Of these, 718 were white, and 2,718 colored. Figures mean little, however, unless they are translated into terms of human experience. To this end, we submit herewith a description of a single lynching as written by a southern white woman, a native of Virginia, and published (September 14, 1922) in a southern newspaper, the Macon (Ga.) *Daily Telegraph*:

As the Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill is awaiting final action by the Senate, the following account of a typical Southern lynch-

ing by an eye-witness may be of interest. I could name the State, but I will spare them that.

It was while he sat in his room by his lamp looking over his notes and jotting down some ideas which were still fresh in his mind, that he suddenly became conscious of that sense of alarm which is always aroused by the sound of hurrying footsteps in the silence of the night. He stopped writing and looked at his watch. It was after eleven. He listened, straining every nerve to hear above the tumult of his quickening pulse. He caught the murmur of voices, then the gallop of a horse, then of another and another. He was now thoroughly alarmed. After a moment he put out the light, softly opened the window-blind, and cautiously peeped out. He saw men moving in one direction, and from the mutterings he vaguely caught the rumor that some terrible crime had been committed—murder! rape! He put on his coat and hat; it was impossible to remain in the house under such tense excitement. His nerves would not have stood it. He went out, and, following the drift, reached the railroad station.

There was gathered a crowd of men: all white; others were steadily arriving, seemingly from all the surrounding country. How did the news spread so quickly? He watched these men moving under the yellow glare of the lamps about the station, stern, comparatively silent, all of them armed, some of them in boots and spurs; fierce, determined men. He had come to know the type well—blond, tall and lean, with ragged muscles and beard, and glittering gray eyes. At the suggestion of daylight they began to disperse in groups, going in several directions. There was no extra noise or excitement, no loud talking, only swift, sharp words of command given by those who seemed to be accepted as leaders by mutual understanding. In fact, the impression made upon this man was that everything was being done in quite an orderly manner. In spite of so many leaving, the crowd around the station continued to grow; at sunrise there were a great many women and children. By this time he also noticed some colored people; a few seemed to be going about their customary tasks; several were standing on the outskirts of the crowd, but the gathering of negroes usually seen in such towns was missing.

Before noon, they brought him in. Two horsemen rode abreast; between them, half dragged, the poor wretch made his way through the dust. His hands were tied behind him, and ropes around his body were fastened to the saddle horn of his double guard. The men who at midnight had been stern and silent were now yelling themselves hoarse. A space was quickly cleared in the crowd, and a rope placed about his neck, when from some one came the suggestion, "Burn him." It ran like an electric current. Have you ever witnessed the transformation of human beings into savage beasts? Nothing can be more terrible. A railroad tie was sunk into the ground, the rope was removed and a chain brought and securely coiled around the victim and the stake. There he stood, a man only in form and stature, every sign of degeneracy stamped upon his countenance. His eyes were dull and vacant, no indication of a single ray of thought in his sluggish brain. Evidently the realization of his fearful fate had robbed him of whatever reasoning power he had ever possessed. He was too stunned and stupefied even to tremble.

Fuel was brought from everywhere, oil, the torch; the flames crouched for an instant as though to gather strength, then leaped up as high as their victim's head. He squirmed, he writhed, strained at his chains, then gave out cries and groans that the man who saw it says he shall always hear. The cries and groans were choked by the fire and smoke; but his eyes, bulging from their sockets, rolled from side to side, appealing in vain for help. Some of the crowd yelled and cheered and cried, "You are burning him too fast!" Others seemed appalled at what they had done, and there were a few who turned away, sickened at the sight. The horrified eye-witness was fixed to the post where he stood, powerless to turn his eyes away from what he did not want to see. Before he could make himself believe what was really happening, he was looking at a scorched post, a smoldering fire, blackened bones, charred fragments sifting down through coils of chain, and the smell of burnt flesh—human flesh—was in his nostrils.

He walked a short distance away, and sat down in order to clear his dazed mind. When he decided to get up and go back to his room, he found he could hardly stand on his feet. He was as weak as a man who had lost blood. A wave of humiliation and shame swept over him; shame for his country, that it the great example of democracy to the world, should be the only civilized, if not the only State on earth, where a human being could be burned alive and with impunity be treated worse than animals.

As a Southern woman from the State of Virginia, I am convinced that the real South, the upright, intelligent people, regret these outrages, but how long will the South remain silent? How long will the South endure the limits which are placed on free speech? How long will they cower and tremble under "Southern opinion"?

> "They are slaves who fear to speak.
> For the friendless and the weak;
> They are slaves who fear to be
> In the right with two or three."

We cry out in righteous indignation when we learn of the atrocities practiced upon the Armenians by the Turks, and on the Jews by the Russians; the cry for relief from suffering beyond our shores is heard and ever responded to by generous America.

The thousands of spires on churches of every denomination, running high into the heavens, bear testimony that this is a Christian nation, or at least purports to be, and yet, actual records tell us that within the last thirty years we have lynched 3,436 human beings—3,436 blots of shame on the United States. Most of these lynchings occurred in the so-called Solid South, bringing disgrace upon the entire Southern people, and condemnation from God and man. I love the South with every fibre of my being and it is for this reason that I am appealing to her people. The Southern people are admired everywhere for their sterling qualities; and is it not possible for them to band together and eradicate this cruel custom?

I realize that the details of this ghastly horror are revolting, but I recite them that they may be brought home to you and that the people of this country may rouse themselves and demand justice. I could go on and tell you of case after case; I could tell you of a negro being burned alive, while women with babies in their arms made themselves comfortable and looked on without shame. In another case the victim was tortured for three and one-half hours, and the last sign of life did not disappear until a full half hour later. Red-hot pokers were used to bore out the negro's eyes; hot irons dug gaping wounds in his back and sides, killing him inch by inch.

This abomination is spreading by leaps and bounds and must be stamped out. Lawlessness begets lawlessness; tolerated and unrestrained lawlessness invariably grows. The essence of lynching is not the satisfaction of the law, but revenge, and revenge is an endless chain.

This is a gruesome tale! Still more gruesome is the fact that lynching is not confined to men and boys, but is not infrequently practised on women and girls. What shall we say when we learn that of the 3,436 persons lynched from 1889 to 1918, no less than 83 were women, 66 of these colored and 17 white? How many of us know what is, or may be, involved in the lynching of a woman? The readers of UNITY are mature persons, not afraid of social facts, so we do not hesitate to print in all its horror the story of Mary Turner, as presented in the official pamphlet of the Anti-Lynching Crusaders:

In May, 1918, a white plantation owner in Brooks County, Georgia, got into a quarrel with one of his colored tenants and the tenant killed him. A mob sought to avenge his death but could not find the suspected man. They therefore lynched another colored man named Hayes Turner. His wife, Mary Turner, threatened to have members of the mob arrested. The mob therefore started after her. She fled home and was found there the next morning. She was in the eighth month of pregnancy but the mob of several hundred took her to a small stream, tied her ankles together and hung her on a tree head downwards. Gasoline was thrown on her clothes and she was set on fire. One of the members of the mob took a knife and split her abdomen open so that the unborn child fell from her womb to the ground and the child's head was crushed under the heel of another member of the mob; Mary Turner's body was finally riddled with bullets.

Is it any wonder that negro women are aroused upon this question? Do we need any special appeal to women everywhere throughout this nation to join these Crusaders and help them to end forever this abomination? Must we not all lift up the Prayer these women speak each day as they start out upon their campaign:

Our Father who art in Heaven. Hollowed be thy Name. Here now, we beseech Thee, the prayer and petition of ten million American citizens of African descent, who this day

approach Thy presence with one heart and voice. We thank Thee that Thou are no respecter of races, nations or persons; but all who love and serve find equal favor with Thee.

Thou didst stoop to the lowly estate of our fathers and mothers in the darker days of their enslavement, and didst hear their cry for deliverance rising up from the low ground of sorrows. May our faith in Thy power of deliverance be as simple and sincere and as soul-deep as theirs. Amidst the distractions and allurements of this worldly day, may we preserve the patrimony of the faith of our fathers.

We do not palliate misdeeds, nor would we shield the wrong-doer from the just penalty of crime. Let those who sin under the law parish by the law. But we pray Thee that accusation, suspicion and allegement of crime may not suffice for proof when one of our number is the victim. Let not the sins of the wicked be visited upon the heads of the guiltless.

We are slain all the day long in the land of our nativity, which is the land of our loyalty and of our love. The vials of race vengeance are wreaked upon our defenceless heads. The inhuman thirst for human blood takes little heed of innocence or guilt. Any convenient victim identified with our race suffices to slake the accursed thirst. We are beaten with many stripes. Our bodies are bruised, burned and tortured and torn asunder for the ghoulish mirth of the blood lusty multitude. Whenever such atrocity is perpetrated upon any one of our number, because of his race, it is done unto us all. Vengeance and wrath are not invoked for the fit atonement of committed crime, nor yet for the just punishment of evil-doers; but the sinister aim is to depress our spirit, enslave our souls and to give our name an evil repute in the eyes of the world.

Put it into the hearts of the people and the ruler of our own land that the true grandeur of this nation will not consist in political dominion or the mightiness of power or the magnitude of material things, but in justice, love and mercy.

We pray Thee to enlighten the understanding and nerve the hearts of our law-makers with the political wisdom and the moral courage to pass the Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill, now hanging in the balance of doubt and uncertainty.

Have mercy upon any of our legislators who may be so embittered with the gall of race hatred and fettered by the bonds of political iniquity as to advocate or apologize for lynching, rapine and murder.

Hear our prayer, relieve our distress, preserve our nation and save the world.

Amen.

The office of the National Director, Mrs. Mary B. Talbert, is 521 Michigan Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y. The office of the National Organizer, Miss Mary E. Jackson, 351 Willard Avenue, Providence, R. I. The office of the New York organizer, Mrs. Etnah P. Boutté, is 2301 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Send names to any one of these addresses. Checks should in every case be made out to the Guarantee Trust Company, New York.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

On the Mediterranean Sea

Editorial Correspondence.

I am, from the deck of the steamer "Hobsons Bay," looking out (Oct. 10) on the coast of Portugal. If I could see far enough this afternoon I could see Lisbon. When we get up to London (Oct. 14) I shall have been on this ship nearly 40 days. In many ways it must be like being 40 days in the wilderness. There is plenty of time for sleep and meditation, with practically the whole gamut of temptations to run, and when compelled to run up against the same 200 passengers every hour, on deck, in the social hall, in the dining room, in the smoker, etc., one at times feels that he is among wild beasts.

Late last night we passed Gibraltar. I do not need to tell you the gatekeeper to the entrance of this great Sea is Britain. At the other end of the Sea is the Suez Canal. You remember that French genius and enterprise built the Canal. There is a conspicuous monument of De Lesseps at the mouth, which is appropriate, but Britain has the key to this back door of the Mediterranean. This was all written down in the book of Daniel that Britain should have dominion from the great river to the Sea. Britain certainly has a long frontier to maintain. It may truthfully be said that the sun never goes down on the Englishman's afternoon tea.

What thoughts come to one as he passes through the Mediterranean? It is a great highway from Ceylon to Suez, with Mecca, Medina, Sinai, Jerusalem, the Pyramids and Sphinx, Cyprus, Malta, Greece, Rome, Carthage, lying on either side back in the shadows, just beyond the reach of field-glass. One can't help marvelling at the way Empires rise and fall, just as pugilists rise and fall. (I have just read on our wireless bulletin of the Carpentier-Siki fight, with a knock-out for the black man.) We are passing Portugal now. You recall that her brave sailors once ruled the waves, rounded Africa, when Englishmen were asleep in bed and America was not on the map. We'll be passing Spain to-morrow. Her brave sailors next took up the sovereignty of the sea, and without her, when would America have been discovered? Following day, we'll be passing the coasts of France, whose intrepid explorers and sailors were quite in the vanguard a couple of centuries ago. On Friday we'll touch Plymouth where my grandfather, John Strong, in 1630 (he just missed the Mayflower, but he married the minister's daughter and was "ruling elder" in Northampton, Mass., for 40 years) and pay our respects to England, who sure does rule the waves in the year 1922. Who will be the next? Or does Britain possess eternal life?

I have passed three times over the Mediterranean. One was in 1885 when as a kid-minister, I, with my bride, visited Egypt, Palestine, Damascus, Constantinople, Greece. It was a kind of preparatory course for the ministry. The second time was in 1903, when with Mrs. Strong, we were returning from a trip to S. Africa. And now, after another nineteen years, I find that I have changed quite as much as, or more than, the world. I once had a respect for places. I wished to "see" Bethlehem, Nazareth, Mt. Sinai, Mount of Olives, the Sea of Galilee, the Jordan, etc. I found a certain satisfaction in it. But the "seeing" was partly a time of disillusionment. I had a pride in the Anglo-Saxon, which made me glad to see the British soldiers in Cairo and Durban. I felt that justice and honor accompanied the Anglo-Saxon on his forward march. Now I find myself weighing the Anglo-Saxon (Britain and America) on the scales of justice and he is conspicuously wanting. I am astonished at my former blindness. Gandhi was struggling for the rights of his people, when I was in S. Africa, and I knew it not. I am astonished that when I learned that a black man could own scarcely a foot of land in S. Africa, that I did not cry out—that I did not discern when I was in Egypt that no white nation has right of dominion over other nations.

One of the conclusions to which I am being driven is that the white man should withdraw, save as friend and neighbor, from India and Egypt and the Philippines; should give up the business of trespassing, exploiting, robbing. I am clear that this should be done and the sooner it is done, the better for the white man and for the world. A second conclusion is that the sword is the devil's own instrument. A moral indignation sweeps over me that I cannot restrain, when I see troop-ships headed for India, or see submarines bobbing, like corks, on the waves. Nothing short of complete disarmament will answer. Nothing but cultivation of the power of intelligent love, and absolute faith in it will answer.

The way is not easy. It may take even centuries, though it need not. One hears something now and then that startles him into a mood of despair. For example, I was discussing the possibility of Turkey and Britain clashing. He is an ex-British officer, is returning from Australia, as one of the "failure"-immigrants. "How glad I'd be to get into khaki again," he said. "You see I'd then be sure of a good job and I'm never so happy as when my pistol is hot. I like fighting." And his name? It is "Legion." Right on top of this I had heard an Anglican Canon, the night before, speaking on "Christianity and Islam" and he said that Christendom was a fulfillment of the prophecy that "his kingdom should extend from the great river to the Sea," and this meant the overthrow of Islam. All of which is good British doctrine these days; although I suspect it has also a slight flavor of the nether regions.

The change that has come over me since 1885 and 1903 is reflected in the thought that I would not go two miles to see a pyramid or a holy sepulchre or St. Paul's Cathedral or the latest battleship, I would travel hundreds of miles to see a man like Gandhi who is trying to work the rule of life as depicted in the Sermon on the Mount and trying to apply the power of love for the perfection of human society. Men like Curzon and Lloyd-George seem to me now to be disturbers of the peace of the world. Unless Britain (and America as well) changes radically her foreign policy, her candlestick will be removed.

SYDNEY STRONG.

The Joy of Life

XIII.

Thirty-two thousand, the favored few of the many many thousand who sought admission to the stadium at The University of Chicago, witnessed, the other week, a gridiron contest which the press has designated as one of the greatest within the history of football. Princeton, representing the intellectual traditions of the East, battled against Chicago—the pride of the West. Princeton won.

As I was leaving the grandstand—nervously exhausted from the intense excitement, for the climactic gradation of that play surpassed in perfection the best in drama—one concept forcefully gripped me: Are there not in football, suggestions for greater art?

I could not answer this question, nor have I since been able to do so. But there is an allurement about such a gridiron contest which fascinates the mind. There is something inherent in football which passionately grips and retains the interest of spectators. The fan, through the principle of empathy, lives in the game. It is he who makes those crashing impacts, who maintains the impregnable line, who maneuvers a forward pass. Through the power of his imagination he is able to obtain all the psychic thrills which would be his were he actually engaged in the conflict. The spectator loses his own identity in that of the players, and becomes thereby an exhilarated participant. It is not eleven against eleven, but thousands against other thousands.

The playwright, the novelist, the musician and the artist strive for empathy, and to a large degree the success of their work is dependent upon the extent to which they are able to compel their patrons to lose themselves in the presented material; to live in the depicted character, to rise in ecstasy with those divine notes, to jesture as does the figure in marble. But the great national game of football has developed empathy to the nth power.

We have in drama and literature conflicts more vital, more tragic, more basic in their appeal to innate urges than are those represented in contests which challenge university loyalty and state pride, yet in drama and literature we are unable to develop such complete empathy. Why? The same question baffles those interested in statecraft. Greek oratory roused men to "feel into," to experience their citizenship, to find within the social whole that larger unity. Political orators ever since have striven for like ends. Yet with what meagre results! The empathy which the football game so fully develops is largely lacking. Men listen, prosaically, to the presentations of important national issues but they fail to associate themselves with those issues. These factors seem to be beyond the emotional responses of life. Into them the voting public is unable to feel itself to that extent of empathy which identifies the spectator or listener with the object to which attention is directed. Why?

Are there not in football, suggestions for greater art?

EDWARD ARTHUR ROCKWOOD.

Whitman After Thirty Years

Walt Whitman has been dead thirty years. Is his popularity as a poet increasing or decreasing?

I am asking this question of all friends who are interested in Whitman's life and work. If you, dear reader, are one of these, will you not kindly send me your opinion in care of UNITY, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.?

It is possible that a book may be made of the replies received in this symposium.

JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.

The Betrayal of France

[This article, by one of our associates, E. D. Morel, of England, is written in review of an important book just published by another one of our associates, Georges Demartial, of France. This book has not been translated into English, but we want our readers to know that such a book has appeared and understand the message which it presents. We take this review from *Foreign Affairs*, a monthly which should be on the table of every one who would know the truth about present world conditions.—EDITORS.]

THE WAR OF 1914: HOW THE PUBLIC CONSCIENCE WAS MOBILIZED.[1] By Georges Demartial. (Edition des Cahiers internationaux: Rome, Paris, Geneva: Dépositaire général: F. Rieder & Cie, 7 Place St. Sulpice, Paris.)

Last month we gave a brief sketch of the betrayal of Britain at the hands of its rulers in connection with the genesis, and the declared official motives, of the Great War. This book is concerned with the betrayal of France by her rulers in the same connection.

At this moment when the attitude of the ruling influences in France threaten the world with further incalculable calamities, it is at once an enormous consolation, and a steadying reminder of the existence of another France, to have a book like this in front of one. We say "a book like this": but, in truth, this book is the first of its kind which has appeared in the Allied countries since the war. It symbolizes the revolt of a cultured and just mind against the intellectual debauchery of a whole people. It is a great moral protest against the poisoning of the wells of justice and of reason. It is an indignant indictment of the men and the agencies guilty of deceiving the author's country. It is an appeal to all that is generous and noble in the spirit of France: not a declamatory appeal, but one in which a lofty purpose permeates masses of facts marshalled with telling effect and presented with high literary skill. The book is divided into three parts, severally entitled "The Excommunication of Germany," "War by Falsehood," "Towards Freedom."

Like Mr. Hamilton Fyfe in "The Makings of an Optimist" and like Mr. Bausman in "Let France Explain," M. Demartial fully acknowledges that he shared the conventional view of the war when it broke out. It was only when he began to examine the explanations given for it, and the documents published in support of it by his Government, that suspicions of the official case arose in his mind, suspicions which gradually became certainties and led him into the ungrateful task of endeavoring to open the eyes of his countrymen to the national fraud perpetrated upon them in connection with a war which "from beginning to end was rooted in a lie."

> France was flung into this war tied up like a chicken ready for the spit. If the war came, it was not only because the German people were not consulted but because, and especially because, the French people who had the constitutional right to be consulted, were not consulted either. The constant object of our Government was to prevent Parliament from exercising its freedom of choice, and to place the "accomplished fact" before it. An honest functioning of our institutions could prevent war. And that is precisely why they were turned aside. Perhaps the country will one day understand! . . . The French people only accepted war upon the assertion of M. Poincaré that Germany forced war upon them. If that is untrue, the real enemy of the French people is M. Poincaré, who deceived them.

M. Demartial proves that deception with irrefutable documentation supported by irrefutable logic. France, as he says, had one of two policies to pursue. To tell Russia and the world openly that if Germany first mobilized her armies against Russia, France would support Russia in accordance with the terms of the Alliance. Or, to assure Russia secretly of French support, even if Russia were the first to mobilize. It was the latter policy that the rulers of France adopted. And it was a policy of war and aggression—recognized as such, indeed, in the very notes exchanged between the signatories of the Franco-Russian Military Convention: "The party that mobilizes first assumes—declared General de Boisdeffre, the French negotiator of the Convention—the rôle of aggressor." Russia was the first to mobilize her armies, and the French Government gave Russia a blank check. The inevitable followed. An inevitable foreseen and calculated by the Russian and French general staffs, again in the very terms of the Convention, when they agreed that "mobilization shall be regarded as equivalent to a declaration of war."

This is really the spinal-marrow of the whole business—*that a general Russian mobilization meant war*: that it meant war because of the actual terms of the Alliance which explicitly provided that it should; that Russia mobilized knowing that to do so *was* war: that France supported her, and that Grey could do nothing to prevent either because he had allowed the initiative to pass out of his hands, because he was strangled by his own secret commitments, because he had behind him not an informed people, but a people whom he had kept in the dark. To do justice to this volume with all its wealth of historical research, its satire and its wit, its denunciation of hypocrisies and shams, in a short review is quite impossible. It must be read to be appreciated. One can only skim the surface. The exposure of French propaganda of hate during the war is brilliant. The invasion of Belgium is, of course, condemned: but the fraudulent affectation of "surprise" on the part of the Allies is scathingly dealt with. M. Demartial shows how it was a matter of current discussion in the French Press and in technical publications long before the event; how, after the secret strategic visit of members of the French Headquarters Staff to Belgium in 1912, the following examination paper was set before the pupils of the *Académie de Guerre*:—

> The high French command asks the Belgian high command to undertake, conformably with the arrangements arrived at, common action against the German army.

He recalls the plan of General Michel, articles by General Maitrot, the pamphlet of General Buat issued in the spring of 1914, in which the latter excused "with a quite professional cordiality" the exigencies of German strategy in regard to the violation of neutral States:—

> It (the German Staff) knows well enough that such considerations would not stop us either. . . If victory depends upon the violation of Treaties they will weigh little in the balance, and victory will restore them. Moreover, who, under

[1] "La Guerre de 1914. Comment on mobilisa les consciences." The author of this book is well-known to our readers. His pamphlet, published in 1919, "Patriotism, Truth, and War-Guilt," was issued in Britain, America, Italy, and Germany. A retired civil servant, M. Demartial received the Legion of Honour for his distinguished services.

such circumstances, could ensure the rights of neutral States? All the guaranteeing Powers will be involved in the conflict.

He shows, too, the delight of the French war-makers, "the joy of the huntsmen when they see the beast entering the path in which they are lying hid," when the German bull plunged into the neutral arena:—

"Excellent, excellent"—replies the French Ambassador in Russia to Frenchmen who were asking him for news—"Luxemburg is invaded. . ." "That the violation of Luxemburg and Belgium should have taken place is regarded as most favorable for France," the Russian Ambassador in Paris writes to Petrograd.

The same satisfaction was manifested here in London, as we know! Mr. Asquith's defence of our entry into war solely on behalf of Belgium is contrasted with the bald truth conveyed in the famous *Times* leader of March 8, 1915. Demartial says:

Mr. Asquith's statement is opposed by reason, by three centuries of history, and by all the documents. The violation of Belgian neutrality was a trump-card in the Anglo-British game. That is what explains and can alone explain the fact that until the day when they found it to their advantage to proclaim that violation as the greatest crime in history, the French and British Governments allowed preparations for that violation to go on under their very eyes. For the means of saving Belgium were not lacking. . . It was but necessary for England to say at the opening of the crisis that she intended to remain neutral, but would attack the Power that first violated Belgium. Then Belgium would have been saved, and there would have been no war, because if France and Russia had known they could not count upon England, they would not have mobilized against Germany. But the Entente policy provided for war whose opening round, as the Entente knew well enough, would be the violation of Belgium. England did not sacrifice herself for Belgium: she sacrificed Belgium to her interests. . . Moreover, Belgium, victorious, has not asked for her neutrality to be restored. She has repudiated it and has even signed a military convention with France. So that England, which professes to have entered this monstrous war solely to ensure respect for Belgian neutrality, has contributed to the suppression of that neutrality.

The truth could not be more tersely stated. One can only hope, as M. Demartial says, that some day the people will understand.

Perhaps the most interesting portion of the book to U. D. C. readers will, after all, be found in the concluding chapters, in which the author discusses what measures can be taken to prevent the French people from being deceived and betrayed on a future occasion. For M. Demartial endorses in the fullest way the constructive programme of the U. D. C.—to which he pays high and generous tribute—for the national control of foreign policy and the abolition of secret diplomacy. This he believes to be the surest weapon for the prevention of war which a democracy can produce. He believes, too, that the democracy can both secure and wield it.

Peoples that intend to remain masters of their destiny must declare null and void any arrangement whatever concluded in their name with a foreign Power, unless it has been approved by Parliament in public session. Except in a case of urgency Parliamentary discussion should take place one month after the publication of all the documents. . . If regulations of this character had existed in Germany and in France, what would have happened? It would have been impossible for the German Government to promise Austria that if she undertook a punitive expedition against Serbia, Germany would support her in the event of a Russian intervention. It would have been impossible for the French Government to conclude with Russia and with England that series of secret military conventions which disposed of the French army as much and even more than formal alliances would have done, thereby constituting a hypocritical violation of our constitution. It would have been impossible to have promised Russia secretly, in 1912, that in the event of war with Germany she could rely under any circumstances upon France, and, in 1914, that France would follow her even if she were the first to mobilize.

Do we *really* want to wage war on war? Then, says Demartial:—

Let us begin by preventing that war shall be clandestinely embarked upon. Of what avail is it that a nation shall be pacifist and mistress of its destiny if it can be flung into war while it is told that it is avoiding war? For a member or agent of the Government to conceal or misrepresent an event capable of producing a war should be a crime punishable by the severest penalties. If Messrs. Poincaré and Viviani are not shot, let us at least make up our minds that their successors shall be. That is the only way to prevent their having any.

The vital need is "that the democracies shall be masters of their external policy. There will be no civic progress, no progress of any kind, so long as they are exposed to a war not desired by them, robbed in the twinkling of an eyelid of the fruit of years of effort to improve their condition." How often have we urged this upon our countrymen in the last eight years! We may be forgiven for quoting the following passage:—

The imperishable honor of the founders of the U.D.C. . . . is to have understood this directly the war broke out, and also at once to have called their Government to account for its treason to the people, and thus to have shown to other peoples, equally betrayed by their own Governments, what *they* had to do.

Yes, but can Europe ever enter the same path which will give the democracies *time* to forge this weapon and put it to effective use? Not, Demartial thinks, unless the myth of Germany's sole responsibility—"the eternal question, the question of questions"—is abandoned. He demands, as we do here, a "revision of judgment" based upon the abandonment of the "most frightful lie in history." In that lie he sees, not only a great iniquity, but a great profanation—the profanation of the dead:—

All the sacrilege of this profanation is materialized at the grave which, in the nauseating slang of war, they call the grave of the unknown *poilu*. But what should have been avoided above all was the placing in that grave of an unknown soldier. Because, if the poor wretch was one of those who died in slow agonies, there is the likelihood that he died cursing those who to-day exploit him. How came it that no one thought of that infernal mockery! As for me, I will go and uncover my head before that tomb when there has been inscribed upon it the only word which is sure not to miss the mark, for it applies both to the dead who died enlightened, and to the dead who died deceived—the word "Forgive."

A noble book, by a noble-minded son of France. We commend it to our British, and even more, perhaps, to our American readers. If it could be translated (and we would venture to suggest as the title "How France was Deceived") and read as widely in America as was Barbusse's "Under Fire," it might well affect not only American sentiment but show America all that it is within her power to accomplish for the salvation of humanity. —*E. D. Morel.*

THE STUDY TABLE

"The Church in America"

THE CHURCH IN AMERICA, by William Adams Brown. Ph.D., D.D., published by the Macmillan Company, 1922; $3.00.

The scope and purpose of this book are well defined by its title. It is a survey of the condition of American Protestant churches today, a consideration of the opportunity and duty now confronting them in the troublous circumstances of our time, and particularly an inquiry into "what American Protestantism is likely to contribute to the most significant experiment which is being tried in the world today, the experiment which is to determine whether democracy will be able to furnish on a world-wide scale the integrating influence which will make it possible to realize unity under free institutions." It faces the facts about the religion of the average American; it tells where the war found the church and where it left it, and what the church learned from the experience; it attempts to define its ideal of the new religion which must come to meet the new intellectual and social environment of modern times; it grapples with the problem of organization, and does not shrink from the discussion of religious education. The General War-Time Commission of the Churches, the Inter-Church World Movement, the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, the community church movement, home and foreign missions, the church and the social question, the church and the League of Nations, the church and public opinion, the ministry and the theological schools, even "Billy" Sunday, fundamentalism, and premillennialism, all these find mention in this compendious book.

The author, it may be said at once, is admirably fitted for his task. A distinguished theologian, professor at the Union Theological Seminary, for many years Chairman of the Home Missions Committee of the Presbytery of New York, a member of the Administrative Committee of the Federal Council, an official lecturer in 1916 in the Far East, and during the war Secretary of the General War-Time Commission of the Churches and Chairman of the Committee on the War and the Religious Outlook, Dr. Brown has an equipment of knowledge and experience possessed by few Christian leaders in the country. How has he used it in his work now before us?

Admirably, in so far as the book is to be tested by the accepted standards of scholarship! As an encyclopædic compendium of information about the Protestant Church in America today, we know of nothing to compare with this book in range and accuracy of material, and skill of presentation. If anybody wants to know the size and character of the various sectarian churches, the types of worship and methods of work which they represent, the problems from the local Sunday school to the world-wide international peace movement with which they are grappling, the difficulties which they are encountering, the successes and failures which they may seem to be recording, the new opportunities which they must meet—in short, what organized religion is doing in the United States these days, here is the reference-book which he needs. The twenty-one pages of closely printed "index" tells the story of the field the volume covers, and in what elaborate detail! As a contemporary survey of the religious situation in this country, the book takes at once a position of authority, and in the future will be remembered and consulted as the representative book of its time.

When we come to the more important task, however, of which this presentation of facts may be regarded as the preparation, we doubt if we can speak with the same enthusiasm. Dr. Brown names as "the thesis" of his book, "that it is vital to the future success of American Protestantism that we re-think our doctrine of the church." To this he adds that he aims "to interpret to the active participants in the everyday work of the church, the real meaning and ultimate purpose of what they are doing." It is here that the book falls short. What it lacks is what "the church in America" today so woefully lacks, the prophetic note. Dr. Brown is too complacent with things as they are; too safe, sane and intensely practical in his consideration of things as they ought to be. One looks in vain for any suggestion in this book that the Christian church had its spiritual origin in prophets who were social outcasts and a Master who was crucified. Everywhere there is the note of composure, the word of caution, the nice balancing of "on the one side" against "on the other side." Does he recognize the church's social responsibility? It is only to emphasize the limits of this responsibility; as though there could be any limit to the church's duty to bring in the Kingdom of God. Does he discuss the question of war? It is only to point out the occasions when the true Christian must fight. His categorical confession, "all social action requires some degree of compromise," is the keynote of what he writes. Needless to say the book gets us nowhere in this matter of re-thinking. Dr. Brown simply takes the old ecclesiastical garment, rotting to pieces as it is, and attempts to sew on patches here and there, to hold it a little longer together. Not by such action is the church to be remade or religion saved.

Dr. Brown is scholarly, temperate, fair-minded, earnest. But he is not a prophet; he sees no clear and radiant vision. This book is in spirit a work of apologetics, and it is not apologetics but the Gospel that we need today. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

THE SOUL EVOLVED.

I woke in the coral depths of the main;
There, there in the still of the sea!
I swung on a branch in a watery lane
And smiled toward the stars again and again
Up shadowy paths where the dawn-worlds be!

I toiled to the wall of an island fair—
Slow, slow was my untried way—
And basked in the morning's opal air
And gazed toward the breakers yonder there
On the curving shore with their dashing spray!

I grew—a germ of the Infinite;
And the soil and the suns were kind!
The flames of the night, those white stars lit
Where the surges fall and the chill foams flit;
I kept them before and the dark behind!

And thus through the years, unending years,
I mark my constant pace;
While the cherished goal from the distance nears
Through hopes deferred and toil and tears—
A life of Love for the human race!

LESLIE CLARE MANCHESTER.

CORRESPONDENCE

Gandhi and Internationalism

Dear UNITY:—

It is a novel experience to find myself called to account by my esteemed friend and fellow-worker Miss Blackwell with whom, and with whose honored father and mother, I have faithfully co-operated in the causes of women suffrage, anti-slavery, pacifism and international sympathy, for so many years past. But I thank her for exposing the propaganda work of the Associated Press in presenting extreme utterances of Mr. Gandhi made many years ago as indicative of his present attitude towards modern civilization and international relations. I wish, however, she could have cited more recent evidence that this great teacher and leader of his people was now a progressive thinker, and in sympathy with modern science, culture, social endeavor and international co-operation. The address from which she quotes shows indeed that he has become more reasonable and just in his estimate of modern medical science, and has adopted its great principle of the prevention of disease as even more important than its cure. But my reading of Indian books and journals, and my correspondence with educated Hindus, do not reassure me that Mr. Gandhi, sincere, courageous, and devoted as he is, has essentially changed his reactionary attitude towards modern ideas and methods, or become more just and sympathetic towards the great Western nations which now, despite their errors and frailties, dominate and lead the races of mankind. I have all my life taken the deepest interest in Indian literature, religion, philosophy and civilization, and as an international worker have maintained warm personal relations with Hindu scholars and patriots. This very contact compels me to believe that only by a broad, forward-looking, internationally minded leadership can India's present justifiable struggle for political self-government, economic independence, social uplift, and international recognition be made successful. That other friends of India, enlightened and devoted, share this feeling will become apparent from a letter which I have just received from an eminent student of Indian thought and affairs, Dr. J. Estlin Carpenter of Oxford, England, and from which I venture to quote.

Dr. Carpenter is the nephew of Miss Mary Carpenter who in earlier days of the British occupation was active in promoting the educational and social welfare of India, making four journeys to that country between 1867 and 1877, and enlisting the co-operation of both native reformers and the British authorities. Dr. Carpenter writes:

"I am much indebted to you for a copy of your article on Mr. Gandhi and his recent letter. He is a strange and impressive personality. Some ten years ago he came to Oxford, and gave a lecture at Manchester College in behalf of his countrymen in South Africa. He struck me as nobly unselfish and devoted, and such I believe him to be still, but he has missed the finer ideal of international co-operation for the common good; . . . . his desire to withdraw India from all contact with Western civilization shows that in repudiating what some may think India would gain he forgets altogether what India has to give. He seems to me to have no idea of a world-purpose linking peoples together in mutual service, contributing to each other's development."

Unquestionably British rule has often been blundering, extortionate and cruel. From some recent illustrations in Hayti, Porto Rico and San Domingo I fear our American control of colonies would not be much better. But we should not exaggerate these evils, nor ignore the undeniable and great advantages which have accrued to India by its connection with the British Empire. It has united under one rule a heterogeneous, divided, mutually antogonistic complex of races, languages, castes, customs and religions, delivering them from their petty despots, protecting them from foreign greed and aggression; established one universal law and order; practiced tolerance towards all forms of faith and custom; introduced modern education, sciences and arts. It has inculcated higher standards of sanitation, disease prevention, humanitarian service, the elevation of woman, a purer worship. It used to be said that when Lady Elphistone, the Governor-General's lady, rode on horse-back through the Moslem quarter, and thousands of their women, beheld her from between the blinds of their zenanas and compared her freedom with their own seclusion, she struck a deadly blow at the oriental conception of woman. When orthodox and arrogant, but impecunious Brahmins felt constrained to travel in a third-class railroad-car, crowded in with low-caste and "untouchable" natives, it struck another blow at the curse of caste distinctions. It was the disciples of the Brahmo Somaj, or Hindu Theists, who first introduced the anti-caste movement and sympathy for the untouchables. Mr. Gandhi simply adopted it from them, while in his religious affiliations he leans to the popular polytheism.

One other point in Miss Blackwell's letter I desire to reply to since it does me unintentional injustice. I am not opposed to Mr. Gandhi's non-resistance policy. On the contrary I heartily commend it, partly because it is in itself in accord with the noblest ideals of human conduct, and partly because it is entirely sane and wise under the peculiar circumstances and conditions of India's social and political life at the present day. In a country so divided and rent with racial, linguistic, political, social and religious differences, so enervated and weak through poverty, undernourishment, illiteracy and misrule, any other policy than peaceful abstention would be futile and disastrous.

Furthermore, I did not "warmly attack the non-resistance doctrines of Jesus" at the meeting of the Twentieth Century Club in Boston, to which she refers. On the contrary under the conditions which confronted Jesus and his people non-resistance, not aggressive force, was the only sane, the only practical course to be pursued. Palestine was a very small country, about the size of our State of New Hampshire. Its population was small, and in a military sense powerless compared with the great surrounding nations,—Egypt, Assyria, Babylon, Persia and the Greek and Roman world dominion. For centuries the Jews had been the victims of the aggressions and inroads of these greedy and hostile neighbors. Their towns and country districts had been laid waste, their inhabitants carried away into captivity, their nationality destroyed over and over again. In Jesus' time Palestine was a province of the mighty world-empire of Rome, which ruled it through petty satraps and governors who divided the councils of their subjects, fomented their racial and religious differences, and made its moral and national unity impossible. Jesus realized this. He dearly loved the people and institutions of his country, but reading the political future of Judaism by the lurid lights of its past sufferings and defeats he knew that the only safety, the only permanence for his country was to forego all worldly dreams and ambitions, to rely on the power of the great ethical and spiritual principles of which it was the bearer to mankind, and to trust in and await the Providence of God.

Jesus' pacifism, therefore, so far as his own time and people were concerned, was at once an evidence of his political wisdom and his piety. Unquestionably this point of view coincided with his own idealistic conception of the life of love, of forgiveness, of non-resistance to forcible aggression, and his sublime confidence that the only way to permanently overcome evil is to overcome it with good. Moreover, an impartial reading of the New Testament makes it clear that Jesus and his disciples shared the expectation of the great majority of the Jewish people that a coming catastrophe and cosmic change was about to take place, a divine intervention by which the existing order of things on earth would be swept away and a better state of things established, especially for the Jewish nation. All of Jesus' ethical and social teaching must be judged therefore in the light of this belief in the impending judgment of God, and reconstruction of the physical and moral order of the world. If God himself, the supreme Lawgiver and Ruler of the Universe, was so soon to intervene in human affairs to right the wrong, to punish the evil-doer, to establish justice, love and peace on the earth it would be utterly useless, it would be a presumption and sacrilege to anticipate his Almighty purpose. To patiently endure to the end, to prepare and fit oneself by individual virtue and prayer for the coming transfiguration and triumph of the good, this was the supreme duty of the hour, the service acceptable unto God, the way of personal and national salvation. I am not indorsing this belief of Jesus in a world-catastrophe. The child of his time and his people it was natural that he should accept this fascinating cosmic dream, which was not fulfilled and never will be.

These various motives, ideal, doctrinal and practical, were combined in the attitude of Jesus towards the employment of physical force in attempting to found the Kingdom of God on earth. That attitude so far as his own time and nation were concerned was right, and at once an evidence of his political sagacity, his patriotism and his piety. It was because the Jews, as a people, rejected these pacific counsels, and sought, not many years after, to achieve their racial and religious

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

OPEN LETTER TO PRES. HARDING, SEC. OF STATE HUGHES, AND THE NATIONAL COMMITTEE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

Gentlemen:

Since the following clause was placed in the platform of the Republican Party: "We pledge the party to the immediate resumption of trade relations with every nation with which we are at peace," two years have passed and there has been no serious effort to establish trade relations with Russia. We should like to know why the Republican Party has not fulfilled this pledge to the American people.

It has been urged by some that there is nothing to prevent trading with Russia and that our Government does not place any restrictions on trade with Russia. This is only partly true. Modern commerce depends upon an intricate system of communication and exchange, including facilities for rapid and safe transmission of mails and cables and the transfer of money. All these facilities are lacking between the United States and Russia because of non-recognition. Trade cannot flow freely without mutual consular representation and all the normal agencies for travellers' passports, ships' clearance papers, certification of commercial documents, etc. The American State Department refuses to restore these essential agencies of trade between Russia and America.

By the present policy of the Republican Party now in power at Washington, of non-recognition and non-intercourse, the American Government is deliberately preventing the resumption of normal commerce between this country and Russia.

Senator William E. Borah says: "Business men who want to trade with Russia have told me time and time again that they cannot do business with Russia until we recognize Russia. Russia now has trade agreements or recognition with sixteen Governments and the citizens of these Governments are trading with Russia in safety and with profit. Our own business men have made sales through English merchants and have no difficulty in securing satisfactory terms with Russia notwithstanding the Soviet form of Government. No business man whose Government refuses to recognize Russia can do business alongside of the man whose Government does recognize Russia."

Only the boldest here take the chance of trading under such adverse conditions. Last year, while we had millions of unemployed, the Railway Purchasing Mission of the Soviet Government ordered $163,000,000 worth of railway material in Europe. A $2,000,000 order for tank cars went to Canada. Yet, in a period of general depression, the American manufacturers and workers of railway materials were making no sales to Russia.

Sixteen governments, as Senator Borah points out, have given recognition to Russia and are carrying on profitable trade relations; furnishing her with agricultural machinery, locomotives, rails, cars, tools, and all the thousand things she needs to make another famine disaster impossible; receiving in return her furs, timber, petroleum, hides, bristles, asbestos, etc., or getting in return permission to exploit her vast natural resources. The workers of Russia will benefit and the workers of all countries trading with her will benefit. ONLY THE WORKERS OF AMERICA ARE LEFT OUT.

Labor in America demands to know of the Republican Party how long we are expected to wait for the party to fulfill its pre-election pledges, and especially for "immediate resumption of trade relations with every nation with whom we are at peace." Are we not at peace with Russia today?

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ARGENTINE, CHILI, SPAIN—Committees from these countries are being formed.

AMERICAN COMMITTEE—Temple Scott, Secretary.

Bulletin No. 6.

New York, October 10th, 1922.

The American Committee is in receipt of a letter of Mr. Jan J. Bruna of the Hague, Holland, the newly appointed Secretary-general to the Neutral Commission in Europe, announcing the early publication of the Commission's first Bulletin. This Bulletin will contain the Working Plan to be followed by the delegates from the neutral countries in their investigations. The plan adheres to the lines laid down by the Commissioners at the plenary session held at Stockholm in June of this year. The principal subjects to be dealt with are:

1. The nature of the national and international situations and relations between the European countries in June, 1914, prior to the occurrence of the Serajewo tragedy.
2. The politics of the belligerent powers during the period between the dates of the Serajewo tragedy and the outbreak of the war. Their influence on the then existing alliances and ententes.
3. The development of such politics during the war.

* * *

The first part of the inquiry is considered to be of the most importance, and the Commission is to make a thorough investigation into it. Each country affected by the situation precipitated by the murder is to be treated separately, and the various influences prevailing in them at the time are to be dealt with and given due weight. The results will be printed in separate monographs, and these will be supplemented by a series of comparative studies of the various fields of international rivalry and supranational endeavor.

* * *

The second division of the investigation will deal with Germany and England, and with France and Russia, and lead up to a consideration of the international situation in 1914. Special questions are to be dealt with. Could the outbreak of the war have been avoided? Would any other policy have been justifiable, having regard to the interests at stake and the obligations assumed? Did any of the

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ascendency by violence and war, that they were defeated, their capital city destroyed, and the remnant of their race driven into bitter exile.

It does not follow, however, that the methods which Jesus adopted in ancient Judea nineteen centuries ago, and which Mr. Gandhi is wisely following in India today, are necessarily the only ones for a people to pursue under very different circumstances and for different ends. Every generation has its own problems to solve, its own moral decisions to make. Absolute non-resistance as an only and universal rule might be congenial to our individual preference and yet plunge us and all into welter and chaos and set back the course of civilization for centuries. This is a fascinating topic, but I must not infringe longer on the good will of the editor of UNITY, but subscribe myself a sincere "pragmatic pacifist."

CHARLES W. WENDTE.

A Word of Good Will

Cassadaga, Volusia County, Florida.

My Dear Mr. Holmes:

As a Universalist clergyman and as a member of the Unity Fellowship, I want to say "Amen" emphatically to the second number in your editorials of UNITY October 19. Your appreciation of Lloyd-George is my own.

It is good to feel that there are others in the world with the same protest for existing political and social conditions. UNITY is surely a lever lifting for betterment and beauty; and the day I believe will be thereby hastened.

The poem by Covington Hall, entitled "The Harvest," is a masterpiece. It ought to live and be a factor for the scorning of war.

Believe me, you have my hearty good will in your great endeavor for change in the world order.

Very cordially yours,

Friday, 27 October, 1922. LESLIE CLARE MANCHESTER.

Great Powers realize at the time that she might act differently?

This part of the work will be divided in two parts: 1. From the murder at Serajewo to the presentation of the Austrian ultimatum. 2. From the Austrian ultimatum to the outbreak of the war.

The third division will be confined to treatises on the participators in the war, after August, 1914. A special investigation will deal with the violation of the neutrality of Belgium. Was the aim of Germany in this respect purely military? In what respect was England's decision to enter into the war influenced by the violation?

* * *

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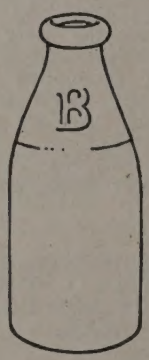

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